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POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

"The Friendly Newspaper That Dares To Tell The Truth."

Volume One | Richmond, California, Friday, December 15, 1933 | Number Forty-Five

George Creel Speaks Tonight In Richmond

CUTTING BOULEVARD PROJECT TO BE RESURRECTED

From information gleaned at city council meeting it appears that Earl Kelly, state director of public works, got the proposed development of Cutting Boulevard-Standard Avenue-San Antonio Street highway mixed up with San Jose or Los Banos or Tassajara, or somewhere, and there is still a possibility that the proposed cut-off between San Pablo Avenue and the San Rafael Ferry may go through.

We certainly hope not, and still maintain that to route our tourists through the tunnel and let them drive over scenic Western Drive is the proper solution. And this is no reflection on our good friends on Standard Avenue; but under this plan some lots will have to be condemned and we still remember the condemnation proceedings on the brick plant property, when the council instead of quickly settling for $1,000 or so, because two or three feet of property was traversed by the tunnel highway, finally managed to have a $50,000 suit brought against the city, and then saved (!) the city a lot of money by settling for $21,000! We just don't like that condemnation business worked that way.

Water Plan Debated

Assemblyman Clifford Anglim and City Attorney Thos. M. Carrison are mounting the rostrum with great regularity these days in favor of the Central Valley Water Project. Needless to state, neither have lost an iota of their persuasive power and have emerged victorius in what debates have transpired, and it won't be their fault if the issue doesn't carry.

Our namesake, the P. G. and E. Progress, gives a lot of reasons why it shouldn't carry, the principal one of which is: who wants a bond issue anyway? And yet the well known lack of feeling on the part of the common horde for great soulless corporations is well-known, so what?

Our safe advice is for every voter to read carefully the official arguments concerning the bill and to go to the polls next Tuesday and vote! Our judgement is that the measure will carry with a whale of a majority in Contra Costa County; but that other parts of the state may balk enough on the bond issue to make the result questionable.

Personally we vote YES!

THERE'S GOLD IN "THEM THAR HILLS" AT POINT RICHMOND

We told you so! We have always maintained that there is "gold" in these hills of Point Richmond—gold that will come to far-sighted buyers of real property with the finest marine view in California.

But it remained for George Deemer, one of the CWA workmen, to unearth the real 24-karat variety and this he did when he brought once more to the light of day a $5.00 gold piece of the vintage of 1836. Imbedded in the soil near Marine Drive and Richmond Ave., the coin has been out of circulation for who knows how long? Well, George, as long as it isn't over $100 they won't get you for hoarding!

As a matter of fact Deemer has already been offered more than $100 for the coin as it is of rare value; and the chances are that here is one workman who will not cuss the CWA and the circumstances that made it possible for him to pick up this ready money.

"Buy in Point Richmond Store and Help Bring Back Point Richmond Prosperity."

OLDEST BUSINESS IN RICHMOND CHANGES HANDS MONDAY

Thirty-three years ago an energetic businessman came to Point Richmond and opened a meat market which was destined to take its place for many years as the leading market of the city. As time passed on other pioneer businesses fell by the wayside or changed hands until today Ludewig's Richmond Market is the oldest business in this city to continue under the same ownership.

And Monday, after years of work, the owner who has been mayor of this city and is now a councilman, feels that it is time to take a much-needed rest, and he is selling out to two energetic young men who give every indication of continuing the business in its present successful condition. Paul Schnaitmann, expert in sausage making and formerly with the Washington Market, Oakland, will have charge of the manufacturing end of the business; and "Ted" Ericksen, the popular meat man who has created hundreds of friends while associated with the Skaggs-Safeway organization will manage the retail division. Success to you, boys.

Freedom Of The Press Is Issue

ARTICLE I.

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peacefully to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

The principal subject of debate at the council meeting last Monday night was the matter of the handbill ordinance, passed last week, and its effect on the political handbills which have been circulated in this city by the Communist, or Workers, party.

The first circular to be submitted to Police Chief L. E. Jones by the "worker's party" turned out to be an extraordinarily "hot" number and the chief consulted with the city attorney who advised him that there was a possibility of the city becoming a part of a libel suit if permission was granted. So the chief turned it down. Consequently a large following of members of the communist party turned out last Monday to find out what the score was.

The Plea of the Commune

A young man, Corbin T. Moore, was the spokesman for the communists assisted by Mrs. Violet Orr, both of whom indicated that the Standard Oil Company might have been the instigator of the ordinance. Councilmen Ludewig, Scott, Tiller, and Mrs. Chandler vigorously denied any such outlandish statement. Then Mrs. Orr reiterated her point about the "freedom of the press" and wanted to know if Richmond was not subject to the U. S. Constitution the same as the rest of the nation. As might have been expected the buck was passed to Chief Jones and City Attorney Carlson who gave the information noted above. Mayor Johnson closed the argument that the advice of the city attorney should be followed on a legal matter of this kind.

What We Think About It

The humble opinion of the Point Richmond Progress, given for what it is worth, is that the present ordinance does violate the national constitution. Regulatory powers regarding anti-litter, or the nuisance of handbills and dodgers being scattered over the lawns and vacant lots of our city, is proper. But about the only countries in which the chief of police would be allowed to pass such censorship at present would be in the Russia of Stalin, the Italy of Mussolini, or the Germany of Hitler. In America we depend upon the law of libel and our courts to usually thresh out such matters. And this is no reflection upon the incumbent Chief of Police or the City Attorney. After all it is the council which passes ordinances, not them. But it might be a good plan for each member to read carefully our constitution as no law can be passed by a city, county or state which is in contravention to the basic law of the land.

We feel that our subscribers know us personally well enough to know that the subject matter

(Continued on Last Page.)

N. R. A. Chief Will Address Meeting At Lincoln School

Federal Club Is Host

"This country will either go through with President Roosevelt's program or go to hell economically"—words taken from the AP dispatches of Senator Hiram Johnson's speech. So, folks, if it is that serious isn't it about time that we went up to hear George Creel tonight at Lincoln School Auditorium, 8:15 p. m. and find out what the man who has charge of the N. R. A. in Northern California has to offer.

Mr. Creel, fresh from Washington, will be accompanied by John V. Lewis, Collector of Internal Revenue, who will speak on the liquor question. The Richmond Maennerchor will sing as will Helen McCarthy Burt, and the bigwigs from over the county and from Richmond will sit upon the platform. The editor of the Progress has the honor of conducting the meeting. Come, and you'll enjoy it.

LIQUOR CONTROL OFFICIALS ARE PROGRESS VISITORS

Naturally they did not expect us to be selling liquor surreptiously—our poverty is sufficient evidence of that; but we did enjoy a pleasant visit Wednesday of the Rev. Miton Terry, pastor of Trinity Church, and Earl McCann, both of whom have been designated as the Richmond officials in control of the liquor situation.

We are pleased to add our word of commendation to those who had sense enough to appoint men of this calibre to these positions.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO....

C. E. Smith, Foreman of CWA ganag 211 working in the East Richmond sector—BECAUSE the men who work for him think that he knows his onions, and they are doing a good job on their end of the work.

Postal Information

Postmaster L. J. Thomas states there is confusion as to rate of postage on Christmas cards enclosed in envelopes. If sent sealed, or if written messages are unsealed, 3 cents is required outside of Richmond. Unsealed or if entirely printed, 1½ cents. The 1½ cent cards do not have first-class privileges; no forwarding, directory search, return to sender, etc. Mail to middle west points should be in the local post office by December 18th.

AMERICAN LEGION

100 per cent attendance was the quota for the meeting last night at Richmond Post No. 10, and was practically reached at one of the livest meetings of the entire year. Naturally the jack-pot was the feature. Earl Davis, commander, presided.

Leo Marcollo to Marry

Our good friend, Attorney Leo Marcollo will march down the nuptial aisle with Miss Louise Plincz, of San Francisco, as his bride on December 22nd. Congratulations and the best wishes of the Progress go with you both, Leo.

Carter Consents to Run

Our Congressman, Albert Carter, of Oakland, after thousands, or perhaps millions, of his friends have beseeched him to run has at last consented to waft his sombrero into the ring for the race next year, and will hie himself to Washington on January 3rd to pursue his political vocation. Good luck, Albert, but if you have to be beaten we hope some good Democrat will do the trick.

One of Them Caught

Leroy Krom, former secretary of a finance company in Martinez, has been arrested at Orange, Mass., after being indicted by the grand jury of Contra Costa County on two counts, one of grand theft for $240.90 and one of forgery for $495. In commenting the Richmond Independent states that Krom was "well known in Contra Costa and took an active part in county politics." !!!!!!

THAT WHARF AGAIN

And so they transferred the $15,000 from the general fund into the harbor maintenance fund . . . well, the wharf had to be fixed up for the Parr Company and the general fund was the one place where the money was, so what else? Though somewhere in that antiquated 1909 City Charter of ours we have always been under the impression that the general fund could not be tapped for that purpose. If so, it is funny, isn't it, that we cannot disregard the section which says that our city officials cannot be elected but must be appointed by a council, the majority of which cannot be elected at any one election? Who will start out with the petitions to amend the charter? Selfish people save stamps, as there is no money in it—only an opportunity to be real citizens.

The Fourth Lovely Lady

BY THERESE BENSON

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THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

Following the wedding of her niece, Cintra, Matilda Smith Lovely ("Smif"), youngest and physically the weightiest of the four Lovely sisters, finds herself in decidedly straitened circumstances. She has made plans for the future, however, which she refuses to divulge to her sisters, prominent figures in New York society. The Lovely estate, Lovelylea, in Virginia, is owned by Smif's brother, Bill Lee, but he is living in Chile, while the estate is rented to a Mr. Johnstone Nesbit. Smif's dearest wish is to own Lovelylea. As "Madame Saitou" she establishes herself as a "Little Sister of the Rich," a consultant. Smif has a client who, from his unconventional manner, promises to be interesting. He desires to evade the loverlike pursuit of an extraordinarily stout lady whom he refers to as Mercy. Later, the lady in question, Miss Martha Washington Mercedes comes. Her story is that because of her excess weight she has lost her lover, "Johnny." Smif, recognizing the identity of her caller, advises her to diet until she has reduced. Mercy proposes that Smif should try the "cure," and if the results are satisfactory Mercy will follow her example. For a generous fee, Smif consents. On his next visit "Johnny" discovers Smif's identity and is himself recognized by Smif as Johnstone Nesbit. She also places Mercy as the owner of an estate adjoining Lovelylea.

CHAPTER V—Continued

—7—

Lovelylea! In her mind Smif had traveled back many years. She was a child again. The heavy brown book with gold lines on its leather cover was on the largest of a nest of lacquer tables that stood between two windows. The Bible, far too large for her to handle, always lay in its accustomed place. She had, from her earliest recollection, admired it.

She was roused from her reverie by Johnny. He leaped to his feet and began searching about wildly for his hat and coat.

"I'd better go," he muttered. "I needn't tell you I wouldn't have come if I'd known who you are. I don't apologize, because I didn't know. I didn't know, I tell you. I wasn't trying to push myself in under false pretenses."

"I never thought you were," Smif managed to interject.

"You did!" he accused her stubbornly. "I watched you trying to think how to get rid of me. You don't have to try. I'll take myself off. But never think it wasn't true. I did like you. You are exactly like my great-grandmother. And I was so lonely."

"I was so lonely!" That was the tune wherewith to play on Smif's heartstrings, and she had heard tragedy in it just now. She felt that she did not dare to let Johnny Nesbit leave her until she had gone to the root of his troubles, yet her every minute was fully engaged in advance and some rearrangement would be necessary. While she was considering how best to effect this, Buttons further complicated matters by announcing that Mrs. Phelps was there accompanied by another lady. This probably meant a new and rich client, and any claim on her coming from Susan could not be ignored.

Johnstone Nesbit, accepting the announcement as a signal that his time was up, got to his feet.

"I'd better go," he said.

"Wait half a second," Smif halted him. "Let me think how I can best arrange things. I live at the Badminton at —th and Madison avenue. We wouldn't be interrupted there. I wonder if it would be possible for you to come to see me this evening? As a friend, I mean."

Johnstone Nesbit looked at her as if he could not believe his ears.

"A—as a—as a friend?" he stammered. "But—but you're a Virginian."

"Certainly I am," Smif nodded. "What has that to do with it?"

"Has nobody told you that I'm no gentleman?"

"Sure," said Smif, who had expected the question. "You've told me so yourself several times, and I'm amazed at the importance you seem to attach to the word."

Nesbit went over and picked up his hat and coat. Then he turned a happy face to her.

"You really mean it?" he asked anxiously. "I may come there—as a friend?"

"Certainly I mean it," Smif said sturdily. "You must ask for Miss Lovely. You know I am not Madame Saiton there. The place is the Badminton. You won't forget?"

"Forget? Not a chance in the world. Why, I'm coming there as a friend." He was gone on the echo of the last word and Smif was left in a curious state of mind. Interest, puzzlement, pity; all were mingled. She would have liked to sit down and devote herself to this case to the exclusion of all others. Of a sudden, Johnstone Nesbit outweighed everything, which was easily explained since he came to her from Lovelylea. A place, by the way, which he had said he proposed to buy. She stiffened at that memory. She was going to buy Lovelylea herself. No one in the world, however pathetic, could be allowed to come between her and the home of her ancestors.

It was obvious to her now, that Miss Mercedes must own Rockymoss, the old Stuart plantation. If Mr. Nesbit were fond of that country the best thing for him to do was to marry her (suitably reduced) and live there.

With her thoughts still whirling chaotically around Lovelylea, its tenant and his neighbor, Smif forced herself to abandon her profitless speculations and resume the business of the day.

The trouble of Susan's friend was disposed of quickly. It boiled down to a query as to what should be done when one's son and the wrong girl fell in love. Smif suggested a plan of action so simple that there was no risk of antagonizing the boy, and the anxious mother went away comforted, accompanied by a beaming Susan, very proud of her resourceful protege. Somehow the other business engagements of the day were gone through with credit.

At Pierre's she found that Laura had added herself to the party, for which Lucy, with her usual efficiency, had secured a table in the quietest corner. No gaiety emanated from it.

"Glad you didn't wait for me," Smif said, as she seated herself in the vacant chair. "I've had a terribly busy day and I'm afraid I'm a little late. Tea and lemon for me. No sugar and no cinnamon toast. I'm going to reduce. Moreover, I'm going to be paid for doing it."

None of them appeared to relish her account of Miss Mercedes' precautionary measure, although she told of it with a full appreciation of its amusing aspect; and when one or two other good stories fell flat Smif decided to face the issue and open hostilities herself. She lifted her cup and when she set it down empty, shot a swift glance around the circle. "I don't appear to be your favorite entertainer this afternoon," she remarked. "Suppose one of you others try to lighten the gloom."

"You're the only one who can do that, Smif, dear, by giving up this dangerous business," Louise reached out and pressed Smif's hand, "so far as I'm concerned, I'm only thinking of you, darling; but I can't shut my eyes to the risks you are running, with all sorts of people free to rush in upon you."

"Men like that creature with the emeralds going in and out of the building," Laura said. "I told the girls about him."

Smif grinned. "You don't get a certificate of character with every one you pass, even on Park avenue, Laura. However, the man with the emerald horseshoe did turn up at my place after you left yesterday."

Laura emitted a well-bred little scream.

"How frightful! How alarming! After that, Smif, you will have to acknowledge that it is not safe and give the whole thing up."

"But I don't acknowledge any such thing," Smif returned briskly. "You don't know how funny you are. All of you are just being silly. This man is as harmless as Charles Phelps. I suppose none of you objects to his consulting me? If so, it's a little late, for you've known he did it for years."

"Charlie is quite a different type from this desperado." Having seen him, Laura took a position of authority. "The rest of you haven't had a chance to study him, but I have. He was a very dangerous looking blackguard."

"A lamb in wolf's clothing then," Smif said carelessly. "I assure you that he is entirely harmless and I like him. I like him very much."

"You're not going to marry him I hope?" Louise inquired, ever ready to suspect a love affair.

"A great deal could be said in favor of such a course. I believe he's rich. All gunmen are, aren't they? But I must acknowledge that there are certain obstacles between my true love and me. For one thing, he doesn't like fat people—"

"So that's why you are reducing!" Laura interrupted, quick as a flash. "I thought there wasn't one word of truth in that preposterous story about the enormous woman. You simply want to please this man."

"Great judge of human nature, aren't you, Laura?" Smif was sorry now that she had introduced her gunman into the conversation. "Let's stop fencing and get down to business. This, I gather, is a sortie in force intended to appeal to my better nature. Well, the sooner you make up your minds that I have no better nature the sooner you'll agree that there's nothing to be done but to smile at my harmless foibles."

"It's all very well to talk," Laura said tartly. "We know you have what might vulgarly be called the gift of the gab. You can't get over the fact that you're our sister and that it is bound to reflect on us if people take to saying you're queer. For our sakes, you ought to give up this crazy business. We're entirely ready to make it up to you—" She paused to observe the effect of this offer.

Smif sat immobile, not even bothering to shake her head in the negative. When she spoke there was a finality in her words.

"You none of you move with the times. I grant you that the Virginia of our childhood might think my occupation strange, although even there I'd be forgiven the moment they learned why I wanted the money. My only objection to having this city hear all about my business, aside from my regard for your prejudices, is the fear that I might have imitators; and I don't want that, at least not until I've made enough to redeem Lovelylea."

"I've said before, and I say again, that's nothing short of an obsession with you, Smif." Laura sent an appealing glance at her. "Won't you listen to reason?"

"Afraid not." Smif set her face. "I was born stubborn. I must have Lovelylea back. When I do, perhaps I'll be a satisfactory sister again."

"But, Smif, dear, aren't you simply wasting what little money you have left in this weird enterprise? Of course, I'm a practical person. I wouldn't expect you to be making a fortune yet. Only, what prospect is there that you ever will?"

Lucy was interested in the answer to her question, which was slow in coming. Smif gathered up her gloves and purse and paid the check as if she had not heard. Then she rose.

"Forgive me, darlings. I'm a poor hostess. I simply have to rush. I've an engagement this evening."

"A business engagement?" Louise inquired.

"Indirectly, yes," Smif smiled down at her best loved sister.

"You're avoiding my question, Smif," said Louise, "and I insist that it is eminently practical and one to which we have a right to expect a straightforward answer. Is there any prospect of a reasonable return on what you have already expended? If finally you are stranded, you must see we will all wish to help you out of your difficulties and time for preparation for such an eventuality would enable us to act more effectively."

Whatever Smif's feelings, she managed to conceal them behind an indifferent manner. She loved her sisters and had made up her mind to avoid a quarrel at no matter what cost to her pride.

"Let me set your mind at rest. My business is already established on a paying basis. This morning I deposited a fee of five thousand dollars and am to have as much more when the transaction is closed. It

"It's Perfectly Plain What She's Doing. She's a Bootlegger."

looks as though I would escape becoming a public charge."

She left them speechless. Lucy, her bitterest opponent, was the first to rally:

"It's perfectly plain what she's doing," she declared. "It's what we all thought of first. She's a bootlegger, and the man with the horseshoe was probably looking for a job as her bodyguard. They all have to have them, I believe."

Walking briskly toward the Badminton, Smif had already forgotten them all. What were Johnstone Nesbit's troubles? Her interest concentrated there.

Promptly at half past eight he was announced from the office and Smif asked that he be sent up at once, awaiting his coming with more than a little curiosity. He entered, hat in hand, carrying his overcoat over his arm, in irreproachable dinner clothes. Leaving his outdoor things in the little foyer, he came into the living room with entire self-possession.

She decided that seen without the distraction of the emeralds, he was certainly not ordinary in type. Indeed she rated him a very distinguished-looking man; one from whom you would expect achievement of some sort.

He said: "So this is where you live? I'm disappointed. It isn't like you."

Smif glanced around her as if surprised.

"I suppose it isn't," she agreed, "though I can't imagine how you'd know. I rent this place furnished. I'm only camping here until—" She cut herself short. She was not ready to tell him of her resolve to regain Lovelylea.

"Until?" he prompted her. "Until you marry, you were going to say? I don't really think you are going to be married," he confessed. "If you were, the man wouldn't let me come here like this."

"What sort of crime do you want to make me believe you have committed?" Smif asked crisply. "Except for the fact that you have evidently trifled with Miss Mercedes' young affections I'd take you for a fairly harmless individual."

"I'm practically a pariah!" Johnstone Nesbit exclaimed hoarsely, with such an entire change of manner that she felt amazed and shaken. "It's possible that when I've told you about myself you'll never let me come here again. That's why I'm in no hurry to begin. It meant a great deal to me when you said I might come here as a friend."

"Take your time," Smif suggested. "There's no hurry, although I feel convinced that nothing you can say will alter my attitude toward you. Have a cigarette and think things over."

"I was born in Paris," Nesbit told her after lighting her cigarette and his own. "My father was one of the lazy rich. He'd never done a day's work of any kind, but he loved to splurge about where he could pass himself off as on of the great American financiers. Then he was enjoying himself, d—n his fat carcass. We followed the fashions. That is, we had a home of a sort, magnificent but unhomelike, in Paris; and we dragged about from one watering place to another at my father's heels.

"I don't mean that my father was brutal to my mother in the ordinary sense of brutality. He practiced a refined cruelty. What she liked—music to give you one instance—he professed to be unable to endure, his nerves would not permit it; and it was the same with everything she cared for. Perhaps it will set the case clearly before you if I say very early in life I learned to make no demonstrations of affection for her in his presence. She never actually told me that we must conceal our love for each other; but, when with him, her manner to me was so distant that I took the cue and repressed my natural exuberance. When we were alone which was not so often as she wished, we were happy, and in those hours snatched from what I recognized even then as a miserable existence, she devoted herself to instilling in me a sense of patriotism, possibly with an intention of overcoming the handicap of my foreign birth. I must never forget that I was an American. The Americans were the best, the bravest, the kindest people in the whole world. My only attendant was my father's valet, Toison, a gross and ignorant man past middle age, with whom at one time or other I visited all the convenient brasseries. My father did not concern himself about me. My mother feared to show her solicitude, in dread of what happened a little later. She taught me to read; but my lessons were irregular, since her time was never her own and there was all too little opportunity for her to devote herself to me. You must understand that I was not the only one who thought her beautiful. My father was flattered by the sensation she created at social functions. Was she not one of his possessions? There must have been a story to explain their marriage. What it was I was too young to be told. No doubt I was a sadly neglected child, but so long as maman and I could steal our moments together, I was happy. The crisis came on their return from a fortnight's stay with the Comte and Comtesse de Chatillon at their chateau near Ruel. Their two sons, one older, one younger than I, were both so far advanced beyond me in education that my poor mother was forced to face the fact that at last some action must be taken for my sake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

At this time of the year the Progress desires to call attention to the annual drive for the benefit of the tubercular as conducted by the California Tubercular Association.

The work in Point Richmond, Richmond and El Cerrito, is in sole charge of Mrs. R. G. Lee, o. Idaho Street, who is also the President of the city Social Service Bureau. The good that this little woman does in incalcuable, and we should all help her all we can. The most urgent request Mrs. Lee has to make at this time is that the Christmas seals having been sent please give to someone who can use them and pay for them.

If you are in good health remember there are many that are not; and if the tubercular person could have your good health and know what they know; not one Christmas seal would go unused or unpaid for.

The Christmas lights are burning on Macdonald Avenue. Last year that Fifth Street is the end. Ludewig, complained to us that the decorations only extended to Sixth Street, but we notice this year that Fifth Stret is the end. Tempus fugit, and Progress, and Point Richmond.

HAROLD was practically speechless on Christmas morning over the present of an electric train from his Uncle Dan. There were yards of track, a station, a signal tower, switches, even a tunnel and a turntable.

Never in his life had Harold known a gift so wonderful. The rest of the family abandoned all their presents to help set it up, to watch it, to exclaim over its minia-

ture perfection. Harold could scarcely take time to eat his Christmas turkey. He had no appetite but for the marvels of Uncle Dan's gift.

"I can't thank you enough, sir," he said over and over.

The old gentleman beamed down at him. "Thought you'd enjoy it, boy," he said. "But look here, don't thank me . . . thank the hundred years behind it."

"What?" asked Harold.

"All pyramided, boy. We benefit by the brains of men long dead and gone. Ever think of that?"

No, Harold admitted, he hadn't thought of that.

"We take what they discovered, what they worked at, slaved at, were ridiculed about, and sometimes died for . . . add a bit of our own ideas . . . and pass it on to the next generation."

Harold, gazing down at the splendid electric engine, black and gleaming, said slowly, "By George, that's so, isn't it?" It was a new idea.

"We'd never get anywhere otherwise," continued Uncle Dan. "We are the present benefactors of the race."

Harold was frowning. "I suppose if engineers hadn't first worked out steam and all that, we wouldn't have an electric engine either," he admitted.

"That's it . . . that's it! It pays to think about it seriously. Makes you understand progress better . . . our duty to the past, as well as responsibility to the present. I don't want to talk like an old fogey," Uncle Dan lowered his voice to a confidential note, "but I've always felt strongly about this particular thing. If, Harold, we do accept the benefits which clever, hard-working men have given us, we don't deserve to be called civilized if we can't use these benefits intelligently, and try to add our bit . . . for the next lot. Get it?" He stared hard at Harold.

"Yes, I think I do . . . well, anyhow," the boy flashed him a smile, "I thank you for the electric train . . . and all the inventors, dead and alive, who made it possible!"

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CAKE FLOUR, I. G. A. 29c
LIGHT AND FLUFFY—LARGE PKG.

MILK 17c
ALL BRAND IN STOCK—3 TALL CAN

BAKING POWDER 21c
Pound Can

PUMPKIN. I. G. A. 23c
2 NO. 2½ CAN

SPICES, I. G. A. 15c
ALL KINDS—2-2 OZ. TIN

CHOCOLATE, I. G. A. 18c
FOR BAKING—½ LB. CAKE

EXTRACTS, I. G. A. 21c
VANILLA OR LEMON—2 OZ. BOTTLE

SUGAR 15c
POWDERED OR BROWN—2-1 LB. PKGS.

H. O. OATS 23c
2 SMALL PACKAGES

PEAS 17c
TRUPAK, NO. 2 CAN

35

STAR DUST
MOVIE AND RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

IF ANYONE has had any doubts about the popularity of Gary Cooper, the way that young man has been breaking records at the Paramount theater would easily kill the skeptical one's convictions.

Gary, appearing in a sketch with Sari Maritza and Raquel Torres, has had the crowds standing in line, waiting for a chance to see him in person. Extra performances have had to be scheduled. How that affects Gary's salary—said to be three thousand for the week—I don't know.

Something seems to have happened to the young man; when he was last in New York he seemed more like the lanky, rather ill-at-ease young man he's been in so many pictures. Now he's more suave, more finished. What's done it? That role in "Design for Living" or Sandra Shaw? Or possibly the Countess di Frasso?

—★—

Myrna Loy's been given a brand new contract, which is all right with me, for I like the girl, so long as she doesn't sing. Or did she sing in "The Prizefighter and the Lady"? She stood up and made more or less appropriate faces, but a low murmur of discontent went through the audience as she was doing it—and I'd bet the silk shawl Lillian Gish brought me from Rome after she made "The White Sister" that somebody else was making the noises.

—★—

Wonder if it's the matrimonial wave in Hollywood that has caused Marion Nixon and her most recent ex-husband to take a renewed interest in each other?

—★—

As a Christmas present to all us radio fans M. H. Aylesworth, high mogul of the National Broadcasting company, is announcing that performances of the Metropolitan opera house will be broadcast again, beginning with "Hansel and Gretel," on Christmas day.

There's one important point that wasn't brought up in the announcement, and that's whether Deems Taylor is going to describe the performances. If he isn't I don't want to play. He's the only man I know of who can fill the job satisfactorily—not as if he were standing up at a funeral and delivering a tribute to the corpse.

—★—

Well, times have changed, what with Carole Lombard being photographed for the newspapers with a cocktail in her hand, declaring that her favorite is a dry Martini! I can remember the days when a movie star wasn't allowed to admit that she even knew what liquor was.

And a slang expression that has lasted through the years started when Mae Murray, playing wide-eyed innocent, turned to Bob Leonard, who was then her husband, and said, "Bob, what is beer?"

You'll admit that, coming from a gal who used to dance in night clubs, that was a little too much.

(Hasty addition: Mae loves lawsuits, and libel is a boomerang; maybe I'd better add that I've always heard it was Mae who said that, but perhaps I'm wrong; possibly it was Theda Bara!)

—★—

Irene Dunn may have started a new custom; that of living in New York and working in Hollywood. She's delighted with the idea. Saw her the other evening, wearing one of the new bracelets which you girls may want to ask Santa Claus to give you; it's a series of gold or silver loops, and is called "Enigma".

—★—

Tough break Douglas Montgomery got; he came to New York all set for a grand vacation, expecting to have fun with the young theatrical crowd that he used to play around with. He took a gorgeous apartment overlooking the East river, and everything was fine; then he got influenza of the throat, and was very ill.

Now he's able to see people, and will be up and around soon. He's the young man, you recall, whose name the movies insisted on changing to Kent Douglas, so that he wouldn't get mixed up with other Montgomerys of the movies. He left Hollywood for another fling on the stage, changing his name back to the original, and stuck to it.

—★—

They tell me Gloria Swanson's broke. They also tell me that she turned down an offer to play the lead in "Twentieth Century"—or rather, "Broadway Limited," as it's been re-christened—because she wanted $50,000 and the company stuck at half that price.

Anyway, she's going to parties in gorgeous clothes, which she's always managed to do despite the state of her finances.

Of course, it's a tradition in the theatrical world that, the poorer you are, the better you must dress. I've known only one girl who successfully defied it.

That was Dorothy Mackaill, in the days when she was none too prosperous. She wanted the lead in "Mighty Like a Rose," and applied to Edwin Carewe for it, with no luck. So she went home and put on her oldest and shabbiest attire, one rainy day, and applied for the job again. She got it, because she looked just as the heroine had to.

—★—

Funny thing, public opinion. Lee Tracy got himself in awfully wrong with his own studio and the Hays office, but audiences have been cheering whenever he appeared on the screen, since then, and he's got himself another job and a lot of good will.

—★—

ODDS AND ENDS . . . One glimpse of Miriam Hopkins in person makes every woman long to be little and blonde and snub-nosed; Hollywood has done a lot for that girl, though she was so perfectly terrible in her first picture that most of us broke into loud sobs when we saw it . . . Young Fairbanks in town, newly arrived from Europe, and being discreet about the Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone matrimonial reports . . . Dorothy Jordan is in town, but not seen around much . . . Jack Pearl wanted to stop being Baron Munchausen on the air and play somebody else, but the sponsors vetoed the suggestion . . . Walter O'Keefe turned himself into a song writer when he was recovering from infantile paralysis . . . John McCormack loves to imitate crooners, which is not fair, for not one of them is good enough to imitate him!

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BEDTIME STORY
By THORNTON W. BURGESS

REDDY FINDS OUT WHAT HE WANTS TO KNOW

WHEN Billy Mink asked Reddy Fox why he wanted to know just what kinds of food Jerry Muskrat likes best, Reddy pretended not to hear. He let his tongue run on just as if he hadn't heard that question at all. That is sometimes a handy way of avoiding unpleasant questions or questions that you would rather not answer.

"Now that you mention that Jerry is fond of mussels, I remember having seen him sitting on the Big Rock opening them," said Reddy. "It is funny I shouldn't have remembered that. I've often seen the empty

"Who Said That Was All the Food Jerry Muskrat Has?" Demanded Billy Mink.

shells in the water when Jerry has been having a feast. Do you eat them, Billy Mink?"

"Not when there are fat trout to be had," laughed Billy, resuming his meal on one and talking between bites. "It is too much work to open those clams. Jerry may have them all, for all I care."

Reddy laughed. "He doesn't seem to mind the trouble. I suppose I wouldn't if that was all the food I had."

"Who said that was all the food Jerry Muskrat has?" demanded Billy Mink. "Who said that? I certainly don't. If anyone said that they didn't know much about Jerry Muskrat. Those fresh-water clams are only a side dish with Jerry. If he depended on those for all his food he wouldn't last long. He would starve."

"How stupid of me!" exclaimed Reddy. "How very stupid of me to make such a remark. Now I think of it, I often have seen Jerry bring up a lily root from the bottom of the Smiling Pool, and eat it."

"If you haven't you've been blind," declared Billy Mink. "He eats lily roots and other roots growing in the water, and the stems of some of the plants. And he likes other things when he can get them."

"What?" asked Reddy in a very matter of fact tone.

"Vegetables from Farmer Brown's garden," replied Billy, grinning broadly. "It is a wonder you never have happened to meet Jerry on his way there or back. If there is any one thing Jerry likes it is carrots. He'll take a long chance to get some."

"Well, we all take long chances to get what we like, don't we?" said Reddy, yawning as if he had quite lost interest in the subject. "It's a nice day, isn't it? I think I will trot along and look for a dinner. Seeing you enjoy that fish so has made me hungry." Reddy nodded to Billy Mink and trotted off toward the Green Forest.

Billy Mink stopped eating long enough to watch him out of sight and on Billy's small brown face was a puzzled frown. "Now what was that fellow after?" muttered Billy. "Why is he so interested in Jerry Muskrat's food? It is for no good purpose, I'll be bound. I wonder if I said something I shouldn't have. I guess the next time I see Jerry Muskrat I'll drop him a hint that Reddy Fox is taking a sudden interest in what he eats."

As for Reddy Fox, he turned as soon as he was out of sight of Billy Mink and with a satisfied chuckle made straight for his home in the Old Pasture. He had found out what he wanted to know and now he wanted to think it over and plan a little.

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PAPA KNOWS—

"Pop, what is a hydrant?"

"What motorists can't miss and firemen can't find."

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My Mother's Wedding Shawl

By ANNE CAMPBELL

MY MOTHER'S wedding shawl was fine
White cashmere, fringed and gay
With Paisley border, a design
Much liked in mother's day.
I fancy I can see her stand,
A bride in the old hall.
Arranging with a practiced hand
Her pretty wedding shawl.

She wore it over hoops that hid
Beneath her white silk dress,
Below her chin, as she was bid,
With careless happiness
She tied her flower trimmed bonnet strings,
And smiled to think her tall,
Straight lover would, with whisperings,
Admire her wedding shawl.

For thirty years she has been gone,
But I remember well
The day I begged her try it on:
The tale she had to tell
Of quaint, old-fashioned years gone by,
And all that could befall
A little maid like me, ere I
Might wear a wedding shawl.

It is a shawl of memory
That brings her to my side.
She often put it on for me,
And posed with loving pride.
It is a symbol of rich years
We treasure most of all!
The wives of sturdy pioneers
Each wore a wedding shawl.

I think of those young shoulders graced
With that light weight of wool,
And all the hardships that she faced
With faith so beautiful. . . .
The fragrance of old gardens, skies,
And days beyond recall,
And mother's dream of Paradise
Live in her wedding shawl.

Copyright.—WNU Service.

Mother's Cook Book

SOME SHRIMP DISHES

THERE is nothing more tasty than fresh shrimp, but with the canned variety one may always be sure it is wholesome and ready to eat. Shrimps should be rinsed as soon as taken from the can. Split down the back and remove the black streak, wash and drain and chill on ice if to be used as salad Never retain the juice from the can.

—

Shrimp Fricassee.

Rinse and prepare two cans of shrimps. Prepare a pint of white sauce to which a few dashes of cayenne is added; when boiling hot and smooth add the shrimps, broken into small pieces, a few drops of worcestershire sauce. Remove from the fire, add one egg yolk beaten and several spoonfuls of thick cream, add one teaspoonful of lemon juice and serve on triangles of toast. If the cream is sour the lemon juice may be omitted.

—

Shrimp Wiggle.

Sift two cans of shrimps into two cupfuls of white sauce. When well heated through pour over rounds of hot buttered toast. Sprinkle over each a few hot seasoned peas and serve. One may arrange the toast around the platter and have the peas in a mound in the center.

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Shirtwaist Dress Plays Dual Role

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

ALWAYS doing the unexpected—fashion is just like that. This time it is the revival of the shirtwaist dress which is causing no end of excitement among followers of the mode.

Of course, if you have in mind the old-fashioned interpretation of the shirtwaist dress, that it is a prim waist-and-skirt frock neatly tailored of serviceable material, as should be a strictly utilitarian garb doing solely office, sports, schoolroom, and other practical service, you have but half sensed the newer meaning of the modern shirtwaist costume.

The shirtwaist dress as now is may be utterly informal or it may take on formality of highest degree. The dual role which the modern shirtwaist costume is playing is entirely a matter of the material which fashions it.

To be explicit, the smartest and most out-of-the-ordinary evening gowns of the season are shirtwaist frocks whose skirts are of either velvet, satin or crepe in black or some one or other of the very new dark tones which are so voguish at present. Of course, to be formal, these skirts go to great lengths, touching the floor, and even boasting trains as most of the latest night-life frocks do. These form-fitting, statuesque, slenderizing skirts set off by contrast the brilliancy of the glamorous bodices that top them; the same being tailored in strictly shirtwaist fashion of resplended gold or silver tissue cloth.

The figure sketched in the foreground of our illustration is just such. The skirt is of regal velvet. The shirtwaist is just what it claims to be—strictly a tailored shirtwaist. It is its material which performs the magic—a perfectly exquisite lame of tissue weave with a glitter of rhinestone buttons down the front. All of which bespeaks the sumptuousnes which is characteristic of current evening modes. The little halo of velvet with its gold-mesh veil is also a necessary evening luxury.

Something of the theme of the formal shirtwaist is varied in that it is fashioned of gleaming satin perhaps in the new gold color or some other equally as effective hue. These satin types are often graced with twists of self-satin about the neckline or perhaps they develop a cowl drape or a soft bertha effect. Their sleeves are also apt to take liberties in that they are short and are ingeniously pleated or gathered into the armhole.

In the daytime the smart set is going about in shirtwaist frocks which are tailored to a nicety of black satin, observing meticulously the rules of patch-pockets, waist-length sleeves, neat belts and prim collars. The sketch above to the left in the picture conveys the idea—just the type of dress to wear under "comfy" fur coats.

When a daytime shirtwaist dress is not of black satin or one of the new ribbed silk variety, then it is almost sure to be of a modish bright woolen, the newest thing in woolens being striped. These gay stripes made up effectively, as the shirtwaist frock centered in the group bears testimony.

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Skirt Interest

Skirts this winter concentrate fashion news at the back. Some evening models are slit behind the left ankle, and others are designed with plain fronts and all the fullness drawn to the back, while others are finished with a series of ruffles or flounces cascading at the back.

All Up to the Man

Man cannot live alone, and man, as a member of ordered society, must see that society is well ordered.

Leather Jerkin

Gray suede leather jerkin with sleeves and skirt matching gray ribbed knit heightened with a blouse of red wool. The Tyrolean hat has a gay red feather.

Long-Sleeved Gowns

The long-sleeved velvet dinner gown, holding the body like a sheath with a front neckline which closes about the throat and a back slashed open in a modified V, is one of the hits of the season.

STYLE NOTES

Dark browns are important.

Brown furs are the wanted kinds.

Diadem and coronet hair ornaments are worn.

Gold-flecked satin is popular for frocks and blouses.

Black stain oxfords are smart for formal afternoon hours.

Glit-stitched felt hats are among the newest millinery showings.

Big pillow muffs are carried.

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2. Modification or annulment of the Parr lease.
3. Amendment of our present 1909 City Charter.

THE CWA IN CONTRA COSTA COUNTY

Word has been received from Martinez that over 1,200 men are now busy on the work provided by the Federal administration at Washington. There has been considerable discussion on the editorial comment in the Progress last week about foremen not being taken from the relief rolls the same as the workmen and we wish to make ourselves clear. Naturally there are numbers of capable men who, through mistaken notions, have not gone on relief rolls though deserving to be there if they wanted, and they certainly should be employed in foremen's jobs. We merely wish to caution against any possible political expediency of giving such work to men who already have a livelihood.

Alaska's Forest Moving

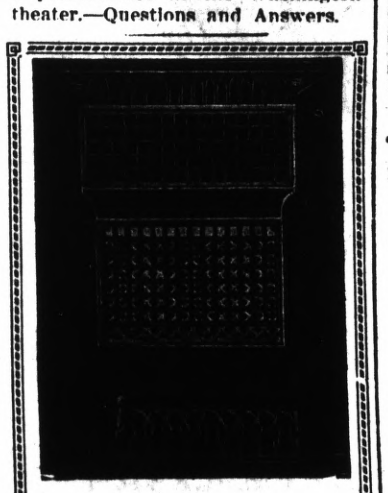
The forest of Alaska is marching northward, Prof. Robert E. Griggs of George Washington university, reported. "Instead of being held in check by climatic factors," he said, "the forest is rapidly migrating into new territory."

Change, Change, Change

Change, ceaseless change, is the sign of life.

First to Attend Theater

The earliest record of a President's attending a theatrical performance states that President Monroe and his family in 1819 attended a performance at the Washington theater.—Questions and Answers.



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Christmas for Mother and Dad

by Mary Jane Haller

"I DON'T know what's gotten into the children," said Mrs. Coles, "but they have cooked up some new scheme about Christmas."

Mr. Coles remarked, a trifle grumpily, that he hoped it wasn't an expensive scheme.

"No, something quite different. Such bustling and whispering I've never heard. They've been scurrying around like mice in the garret."

"Well, what about our starting to trim the tree and getting their stuff ready?"

"They say they don't want us to do a thing; not a thing."

"But here it is nine o'clock already! We'll be late if we don't begin soon, and you know how it is every Christmas Eve—all worn out before we've finished."

"Hush!" Mrs. Coles whispered. A boy stood in the living room door. He was very solemn. "Will Mr. and Mrs. Coles please come at once to the study?" he asked.

The older couple exchanged puzzled glances and followed; and when the study door was flung open with a great flourish, they both gave a cry of wonder. There on the desk stood a small tree hung with garlands of silver.

"For you . . . all for you!" shouted several voices. At once a pudgy Santa stepped out of the closet. In a deep voice he asked the guests to be seated. "I've come all the way from the North pole tonight especially to give you a pleasant treat." Here he was interrupted by another voice which shouted, "We thought it was time fathers and mothers had a tree instead of the children. We've done it all ourselves; every bit."

"Please be quiet," rumbled Santa severely. Then he stepped to the tree, and reading the names on the packages, passed them ceremoniously to Mr. and Mrs. Coles. There wasn't a present for a child—not one.

"We wanted you to have all the Christmas this year. We told Santa (suppressed giggles) not to dare to bring us a thing. It's your Christmas from us. The children to their parents."

"Well, well, I must admit . ." Mr. Coles blew his nose, more touched than he cared to reveal. Mrs. Coles frankly and happily wiped away a tear.

"We heard you say last night how tired you got trimming the tree, and doing things after we went to bed . . . so we decided to do the work and the giving. Isn't the tree perfectly beau-u-utiful?"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Coles declared several times it was the very best Christmas they remembered in all their lives. Afterwards Santa was roundly kissed and hugged.

"A very, very pleasant surprise," Mr. Coles kept saying. His wife beamed.

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Richmond Theater

Tonight "Ann Carver's Profession" and "Arizona to Broadway." Tomorrow, "Sailor Be Good" and "Jennie Gerhardt." Sun.-Mon., "Lilly Turner" and "The Woman I Stole." Tues.-Wed., "Made on Broadway" and "Man Who Dared." Thurs.-Fri., "The Barbarian" and "Texas Tornado."

Boston's Temperature

Boston is much warmer than inland points only a few miles away. Chestnut Hill and Cambridge are among nearby localities where the temperatures are lower. This difference in temperatures is attributed to Boston's proximity to the sea.

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ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lame Bode

WNU Service

Along the Concrete

Mean Brute

"Where do you suppose I could get about a hundred fleas?" asked the grouchy one.

"I haven't any idea," replied the other one. "But what the deuce do you want with a hundred fleas?"

"I want to put them on that blinkety-blank lap dog my wife spends so much time hugging and petting," he growled.

Mentioned

Little sister, meeting her uncle, who asked how big sister had fared in a music examination: "Oh, she missed getting a medal, but she was horribly mentioned."—Montreal Star.

Slightly Mixed

The visitor beat a tattoo on the front-door knocker. The maid appeared.

"Could I see Mrs. Golightly?" asked the visitor.

The maid shook her head.

"No, sir, she's not at home," she replied.

"Oh, when will she be back?" asked the visitor.

"Dunno," said the maid dully, "she ain't gone out yet."

Story Is Ended

"How are you, Mrs. Browne?"

"Oh, I've nothing to grumble at."

"Mr. Browne away then?"

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WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM
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NRA

The Marcyes Melody Monarchs will play for the Graduation Frolic to be given at the Peralta Club on December 20th. Dancing and dining will feature the entertainment by this six piece orchestra which is rapidly coming into favor.

THEY'RE FLYING ... AT SUISUN

. . . For a number of reasons duck shooting is best at the Suisun marshes.

. . . And the ducks are better too—no fishy taste—due to the rich Suisun feeding grounds.

. . . Ask the tenders at these bridges for directions to "Steamboat" Slough and the other spots where shooting is good.

CARQUINEZ AND ANTIOCH BRIDGES

Enclosed and Heated Option Floors At Kennel Club

Racing centers all over the country are commenting on the new enclosed mezzanine floor at the El Cerrito track. This is the only enclosed section for race fans anywhere in the Unitd States and places the local track at the top of the list in favor.

MARTEN'S BAKERY

1 Park Place Pt. Richmond

Prize Baskets In Demand

Our live-wire merchants, Tony Mazza and A. Bianchini report great interest in the prize baskets which are being given away every Saturday at their Liberty Market. May the Progress simply state that if everyone in Point Richmond are as good boosters as these two gentlemen we need have no fear of Point Richmond coming back to its rightful place in the sun.

A Big Selection of **Xmas Gifts** at Our Usual **Bargain Prices**

RAE'S

ALWAYS SELL FOR LESS

1101 Macdonald Ave.

Sons of St. George

Gladstone Lodge, Richmond, journeyed to Albion Lodge, of Oakland in a body Wednesday night for a fine program and feed there. The local members of the American-British lodge report a fine time.

Don Meyer who will be remembered as "Speed" by many of the younger folks will visit with the J. P. Ogdens, of Washoe Street, over the Christmas holidays. Don is with the C. C. C. boys, Company 952, located at Berry Creek, California.

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Strictly fresh
Large 26c doz. Med. 21c doz.

CHALLENGE BUTTER, solid lb..... 22c

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Wilsia Finest Argentine
12 oz. cans 15c

Campbell's Soup all varieties
Limit 5 per can 8c

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HORMEL HAMS
"Flavor Sealed"
Special Today
Quarter Size 85c

Wellman Brand CATSUP
Made from the finest, whole red ripe tomatoes carefully Selected . . . 14 oz. bottle 14c

Wellman "Flavor Famous" Preserves—Absolutely pure
All Varieties
Full 3 lb. jar 47c

Durkee Mayonnaise
Today Only
Pints 22c Quarts 41c

Crystal White Soap
5 bars 14c
More soap for your money

Fancy Colored Roasters
Average 2 to 3 lbs.
Live 20c lb. Dressed 24c lb.

Many other specials at store
Rights reserved to limit quantity

CHASSEUR'S GROCERY
128 STANDARD AVE.

Free Press

(Continued from Front Page.)

of the handbill in question has no bearing on our position. We are open-minded enough to listen to communists, fascists, socialists, any of them, and so far have come to the conclusion that good old Democratic U. S. A. and its government under the leadership of the great president, Franklin D. Roosevelt, can very well work out its own salvation. However quickly would be shot at sunrise, those who circulate literature distasteful to the "powers that be" in Italy Germany or their beloved Russia, in this, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," communists are as welcome as anyone else to distribute their literature. If the citizens of this country can not read and judge any political literature for what it is worth then we would, indeed, stand on an insecure foundation.

The Freedom of the Press

No, the Progress is not worried about the circulation of communistic literature; but we do wonder at the quickness of our council to amend the circular ordinance. Who knows but what they might take a notion to restrict the freedom of the press to newspapers only and then having that accomplished begin work on the newspapers and eliminate them one by one, th Progress first, of course.

Requiem Mass for Mrs. Collins

Father Doyle celebrated a requiem mass at Our Lady of Mercy Church Wednesday morning for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Mary Collins, mother of the former assistant pastor, Rev. Harold Collins, well-known in Richmond. She passed away last week.

Mrs. Richard Spiersch, 217 Alvarado, is confined to the Cottage Hospital with an injured knee. We trust she will soon be about again.

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